BANCROFT'S MEXICO.

THE IMPERIAL EXPERIMENT.

MISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By HUBBER HOWE BANGROFT. Volume IX. Mexice. 1861-1887. 8vo., pp. xii, 760. San Francisco: The History Publishing Co. New-York: F. M. Derby, General Agent.

During the first years of the period covered by Mr. Bancroft's last volume of the History of Mexico, that country was the object of a wider interest than it had attracted for a long time. The occupation of the United States Government an suppressing the Rebellion tempted Louis Napoleon into one of those enterprises to which his peculiar disposition always inclined him; adventures of which the underlying motive was vulgar ambition and greed, and which were presented to the world under a clumsy disguise of melodramatic sentiment and pretended loftiness of purpose. The ostensible excuse for French interference with the affairs of Mexico was the failure of the Republic to meet its financial obligations. The pretext was flimsy on its face. England was a far larger creditor of Mexico, and yet never contemplated seizure of the debtor Government. The truth was that "Badinguet" aspired to emulate the First Empire. Like its founder he would erect new dynasties, and what could redound to his fame more than the foundation of a Latin Empire in the New World. No doubt it seemed to that crafty but shallow spirit a peculiarly subtle and well-considered project. ready in imagination he saw the dissolution of the American Union, and the crumbling of that formidable democracy whose prosperity and example were standing impeachments of Imperialism. Before Sumter was fired upon he would not have entertained such a scheme, for he knew what American opinion was, and he was in no condition to add the certainty of a transatlantic quarrel to his European perplexities. But when the North and South joined issue in the field, and the great strife deepened steadily, Louis Napoleon believed intervention in Mexico could be safely

It is probable that had the Archduke Maximilian not been seduced by the vision of a Mexican dynasty the search for an Imperial puppet would have been long and the result dubious. The Archduke was marked out by character and training for the position. As a sailor he was illversed in politics. There was not perhaps another prince of anything like his importance in Europe who could have been persuaded to exchange the substantial hopes and expectations he was warranted in indulging for the air-drawn possibilities of the Mexican adventure. Maximilian was an amiable, well-meaning man, of third-rate abilities, sanguine temperament, and fatal inferiority of purpose. He belonged to that class of men who are so apt to engage rashly in difficult enterprises, because the undue strength of their imagination equalizes in their judgment the actual facts and the results they hope for; and who are so certain to fail at critical junctures because they are incapable of concentration enough to master the bearings of concrete situations. The same mental habits which induced Maximilian to accept the throne of Mexico which the nation had not offered him led him subsequently to reject Bazaine's wise advice to leave the country, and marshalled him to Queretaro and his death, through his wholly baseless confidence in conditions which were in the main but the creations of his own fancy. But though he was a weak man he was certainly not a bad one. He believed that the Mexican people called him. The foundation of that belief was one of those forces in the shape of the plebiscite which the arch-schemer was so familiar with. His fault was that he did not ascertain the truth; that he permitted himself to be deceived; but it must be remembered that he belonged to a royal house long habituated to take all its impressions at second-hand. He went to Mexico full of good intentions, and profoundly ignorant of the country and people.

It was a hair-brained enterprise. Mexico was as usual in a state of anarchy. The people had become so used to revolutions and rebellions that no trenchery or stratagem, duplicity or fickleness could surprise them. At this particular period the anti-Juarists were ready for anything which promised to confound their opponent, whose the ablest President the country had secured for | who offered it to him. If, when Louis Napoleon | possible not to realize that the author's inspiration and many, and they engineered the Imperial programme, playing into the hands of Louis Napoleon. Yet from the first it was clear enough to dispassionate observers that the Empire was an impossibility. Even putting out of consideration the known policy of the United States, it was apparent in the first three months of Maximilian's residence that his throne was wholly sustained by French bayonets. So long as Bazaine and his 30,000 disciplined troops remained they could hold a great deal of territory :but even that tenure was conditioned upon perpetual fighting. Mexico was, in truth, a more formidable Algiers; and in the latter territory for twenty years the conquerors could only claim the ground on which they camped. The forces of Juarez could certainly not hold their own against the French soldiers Whenever they risked battle in the open they were defeated. But, like the Spanish in the Peninsular War, they presently discovered that guerilla warfare was more effective than the regular kind, and their inferiority did pot prevent them from harassing and wearying the invaders by incessant flying raids and razzias.

Maximilian meantime played at governing. It is really no discredit to him that he failed to satisfy his native allies and supporters. No man of their own race, however versed in their ways and inclinations, however alert-minded, however publie-spirited, had succeeded in that. A nation so capricious, irritable, irrational, ungrateful, would have baffled the most gifted ruler the world has ever known, and this foreign prince, destitute of even the shibboleth of republicanism, heir of the deepest-rooted doctrines of autocracy, could not fill the position. Perhaps it may be doubted whether he tried very seriously to do so. It would have been quite natural for him to become disgusted with a situation so intolerable in many ways, and the perplexities of which increased continually. The poor man made many laws, none of which was of any value. He berrowed money from France as long as he could. But the outlook became more gloomy every month. Juarez could not be put down. Beaten at one point he sprang up at another, and kept Bazaine and his pants busy. And this was not the worst. The War of the Rebellion in the United States was going against the South, and presently the Confederacy reached its last ditch, and died there. Then Louis Napoleon realized that his dream of a Latin Empire was about to vanish. The great American Republic, invincible, towering gigantic over two continents, returning victorious and united from a Titanic conflict, with a million of disciplined veterans ready to volunteer instantly in defence of the National honor against foreign aggression, was no longer a doubtful factor in the case. It was now firmly intimated that the foundation of a Latin Empire in Mexico by the force of French arms would not be permitted. The French Emperor was under some obligations to Maximilian. He had in fact guaranteed him the support of the army for three years longer. But he was not the man to let a triffing pledge stand in his way, and seeing plainly that the game was lost be promptly announced his intention to withdraw the entire French force from Mexico at once.

This declaration should have opened the eyes of the poor make-believe Emperor of Mexico, and it doubtless would have had that effect had not the urgent apprehensions of his Mexican adviserswho saw themselves about to be abandoned to the vengeance of Juarez-led them to unite in persunding him that even after the French had been withdrawn he might preserve his throne. It is almost incredible that he should have believed these representations. Probably he never more than half believed them, in fact. But there was another influence at work. He was a prince of the House of Hapsburgh. He considered that

his honor was at stake; that to fly would be cowardly desertion of the natives who had trusted and clung to him; that it was his duty to hold out to the last. From this point we think his course was governed far more by a sense of obligation than by ambition or vanity. But in any case the position was hopeless from the moment the French troops embarked, and the activity of Juarez soon made this apparent to all the world. The subsequent course of the Imperialists did little to delay the entastrophe. The retreat to Queretaro was as much a blunder as any step which had pre ceded it. Whether or not Marquez played the traitor is of no real consequence. Had he been able or willing to bring up reinforcements there can be no doubt that they would have shared the fate of the besieged. The treason of Lopez only anticipated the inevitable surrender by a few days, for it is not to be believed that the project of in truth caged himself, and his capture, from the moment he shut himself up in Queretaro, was merely a question of time.

Concerning the execution of Maximilian there is a great deal to be said on both sides. Mr. Bangives the arguments fully and impartially, but he does not seem to be altogether decided in his own mind as to the judgment to be rendered. Certainly Juarez had before him a pregnant example of wise elemency in the action of the Federal Government of the United States at the close of the Rebellion. But it is not exactly candid to pretend parallelism in the cases. The American Government knew that it could depend upon the support of a strong civilized public opinion. The constitutional ruler of Mexico was by no means sure of a similar backing. The Mexicans were less civilized than their neighbors, more flerce in their antipathles, infinitely more accustomed to sanguinary reprisals. We do not consider the argument from the necessity of giving a lesson to the European powers a valid defence of Juarez. The sparing of Maximilian would not have detracted from the force of the warning conveyed by the whole history of his disastrons experiment. There really was no longer the slightest danger that any European Government would think of following in his or Napoleon's footsteps. The humiliating. cannot be said that the execution was justified. | the common people of modern Spain.

On the theory that it was the deed of a civilized State indeed it would be scarcely possible to defend it at all. But if we look at it as the act of an executive officer who had strong reason to believe that elemency would have seriously endangered its own position, and who held, and justly, that his overthrow at such a crisis would be a National calamity, we shall perhaps be at once approaching the truth and forming a less severe opinion upon the decision of Juarez. We need not hesitate to say that it would have been much more to the credit of Mexico had Maximilian's life been spared. But we should not visit wholly upon Juarez a deed which after all was the result of national barbarism far more than of personal or official fear or policy. As to the endeavor to justify the execution upon the decree of 1862 by which the Emperor condemned the constitutionalist leaders in arms to death as brigands, it is nullified by two circumstances. First, the decree had been repealed by Maximilian long before; second, the counter-decree of Juarez, adopting the same ferocious rule, had not been repealed at all. There is another consideration which must not be ignored. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the wisdom or humanity of the execution of Maximilian, it is not open to any democratic thinkers, at least, to question the right of the Mexican people to judge a foreign invader with the utmost severity. The fact that he was aided by Mexicans does not affect this right. It has never been seriously alleged that the aid given by the Scottish Highlanders to the Stuart Pretenders diminished the responsibility of the latter for the conspiracies and treasons in which they engaged. If Maximilian did not know from the first that he was only the nominee of a minority faction, it need only be said that it was his duty to ascertain the truth before he proceeded further, and that in neglecting this duty he committed a crime against Mexico in all respects equally heinous with deliberate invasion for naked aggrandizement. He at least had no ground of complaint, for he took his life in his hand and challenged the hatred and resentment he should have known, was not in the gift of those who offered it to him. If, when Louis Napoleon made his burlesque landing at Boulogne, the Govof a nation when he accepted a crown which, as ernment, instead of sending him to Ham, had tried, convicted and executed him, it would have been within its rights; and Europe and Mexico would have been spared great waste of blood and treasure. In like manner Mexico was within her rights when she caused Maximilian to be shot; and while it may be admitted that an act of grace would have been more magnanimous, it must be insisted that to grant his life would have been an act of grace, and could not have been demanded as a right. Finally it can be cheerfully acknowledged that he dled with the utmost dignity and callantey, and that in effect "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." All the world pitied his unhappy wife, and yet there is relief in the theory advanced by Mr. Bancroft on strong testimony, namely that her mind had given way even before she left Mexico, and that there fore she probably comprehended little of the sad

ending of her short reign. Since the collapse of the Imperial experiment the history of Mexico is too well known to Americans to need recapitulation. After a continuance for several years of the old disturbed conditions a period of what looks like real progress appears to have set in. The Nation is perhaps outgrowing the childish tendency to uprisings on small or no provocation. More attention is being given to business and production. There is a disposition to settle down to serious work, to do away with brigandage and fraud and corruption in office, and they are less true to nature than the colonists, branch of his great work. It would not be possible to write a clearer account than this of so confused and anarchic a subject as the evolution of the Mexican people; and especially of a people who are evidently even yet in a half-formed state. Prophecy as to their future would be futile, for at present it is not certain which of the contending racial strains will gain the ascendant; and upon the issue of that struggle the destiny of the Nation manifestly depends.

FISH NOT BRAIN FOOD.

From The Hospital.

"Fish," says Dr. W. W. Godding, of Washingon, 'has for years enjoyed the reputation of being rich in phosphorus and hence adapted to the growth of brains. How such a notion originated I do not know; perhaps because stale fish shines with a phosphorescent ligne in the dark. As a food, fish is richer in water man in phosphorus, and to feed it to candiden, expecting thereby to grow them into philosophers, would be on a par with the schoiar who boiled his dictionary in milk for supper, hoping thus to acquire the language. As a matter of fact, physiological experiments, officing repeated on a large scale, rather negative the popular idea of the value of fish as a 'brain food.'" From The Hospital.

VISITING-CARD SCRAP-BOOKS.

From The Philadelphia Times. Some of the ladies of Washington save the visiting Some of the ladies of Washington save the visiting sards they receive and pasts them in scrap books for preservation as souvenns. They are quite pleasant mementos of Washington life, partleularly if the collection contains the names of the society belles and the scratesmen one is continually reading about in the newspapers. A senator's wife or an, lady of social prominence usually gets a large bowlful of cards at every reception, but they are often duplicates and the sum total for the season will not be more than three or four hundred for that is about the number of habitual callers at the capital. I know of a lady now spending her thirteenth season in Washington, who has preor four hundred for that is according to the capital. I know of a lady now spen her thirteenth season in Washington, who has served the card of every person that has called her during this entire time. They fill half a clarge scrap books and are several thousand in nur

CONDUCIVE TO TAKING COLD. From The Philadelphia Press.

comfort for the time being.

SOME NEW NOVELS.

SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

LEON ROCH. A Romance. By B. Perez Galbos From the Spanish, by Clara Bell. In two volumes W. S. Gettsberger. HARMONIA. A Chrenicle. By the Author of "Estelle Russell," etc. 12mo, pp. 294. Macmilian & Co. THE NUN'S CURSE. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. 12mo pp. 407. D. Appleton & Co. AN UNLAID GHOST. A Study in Metempsychosts. 12me, pp. 178. D. Appleten & Co.

MONA'S CHOICE. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. 16mo, pp. 270. Heary Helt & Co.

ROY'S REPENTANCE By ADELINE SERJEANT. 16me, pp. 390. Henry Holt & Co.

The novels of the Spaniard, Perez Galdos, are full of life and fire, and exhibit a noble disgust with the conditions which obtain in his country at the present day. He writes always with a evasion would have succeeded. Maximilian had purpose, and it is the exposure of national bigotry and corruption. To obtain the strong relief which characterizes his romances it is necessary that exaggeration be employed. He does not affect, however, to be a member of the modern school of realists. He deliberately selects the most striking illustrations of what he wishes to show, and he presents them with all the force at his command. At the same time it is clear enough that he draws his material from real life, and so carefully and minutely minutely are many of his studies that they may well be portraits. His observation of scenery, of local peculiarities, of the behavior of crowds, of all the external phenomena of social life, is keen, and his descriptive capacity remarkable. "Leon Roch," like capacity remarkable. Gloria," is a study in religious fanaticism and social profligacy. The world pictured is a repulsive one. We see a corrupt nobility, cynical, venal and full of coarse hypocrisies; a commercial class wholly given up to the pursuit of gain, and ready at every turn to swindle the government and fleece the people; and a priesthood sunk in sloth variegated by mediaval bigotry. Galdos does not undertake any analysis of the Spanish masses. Only here and there, as in the graphic account of the bull-fight in his present romance, does he deal with them at all. These few touches indicate a knowledge quite full enough to justify collapse of the Empire was complete, hopeless and a hope that he may at some time construct a novel Viewed from this point alone it exhibiting the tendencies and characteristics of

> "Leon Roch" is a man of science who marries a bigot and whose life is thereby wrecked. The description of this strange household, the wife falling more and more under the control of her spiritual directors, and the husband, with every disposition for peace and harmony, feeling that he is becoming more impotent to produce any impression on his fanatic spouse, is something new in fiction, and is full of grim and almost savage power. There is also a striking study of a socalled saintly priest. Luis Telleria, brother of Leon's wife. This young man is a half-crazed ascetic of the mediaval type; the kind of enthusiast who, had he lived in the first centuries of the Christian era, would have been an anchorite in the Thebaid. He is dying of consumption and rejoices at the prospect, regarding his earthly existence as a penance to be passed through in sorrow and pain, and his body as a "leathsome mask," to be mortified perpetually, and to be cast off with rejoicing. The influence of this pious creature upon his sister is fatal. He widens the breach between the husband and wife hopelessly, and precipitates the catastrophe which the intolerable fanaticism of "Maria Egyptiaca," as the ghostly fathers named her, was leading up to. Another vigorous series of pictures shows Maria's ignoble family-one of the old nobility plunged in debt over head, without principle or virtue of any kind-hanging about the rich sceptic husband, bleeding him continually, and despising him at the same time because he is not hypocrite enough to pretend belief in a religion which they, while professing, dishonor and repudiate by every act of their vile and discreditable lives. An unhappy love-story involving the ruin of two lives, adds interest to this strong romance. The prevailing tone is that of tragedy. A hitter and flerce satire gives point and edge to the exposures of moral perversity and degradation, and the general impression produced is of that pervading demoralization which marks decaying civilizations, and has so often in history been the stage immediately preceding national dissolution. "Leon Roch" is indeed a painful book, but none the less one of

"Harmonia" is a curious but decidedly clever story. It is called a "chronicle," and professes to describe life in one of those odd little English settlements which have sprung up in the South since the war. The scene is laid in Georgia, and the parrative is so full of detail of a peculiar kind that the presumption is strong in favor of a foundation in fact. Harmonia was the name given to the queer little colony of English and Scotch, composed mainly of young men who belonged to the most helpless class in the world; sons, that is, of aristocratic or rich middle-class people, who had been in the great schools or the universities, and entered life with some knowledge of boating, cricket, lawn-tennis and shooting, but in all other respects as incapable as new-born babies. These young fellows as they appear in "Harmonia" are studied from the life. The class is to be found in all the English colonies, and it furnishes probably two-thirds of the worst failures in colonial life. Brought up to depend upon others for everything, and with no idea of work in any direction, they are too apt to loaf about billiard saloons and taverns until their money is spent, and then to write home for more, failing receipt of which they gradually sink into slovenly shiftlessness and end by becoming day-laborers or chronic borrowers and loafers. The author of "Harmonia" has some American characters, but to develop the great natural resources of the coun- and some of them remind the reader too strongly On all these matters Mr. Bancroft's history of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and the "American a full and trustworthy work of reference. In Notes." The account of the Episcopal clergyman the present volume he brings Mexican history and his wife, of "the major," of the Macfarlanes down to the year 1887, and thus completes this and the Macgregors, of the old Devonshire farmer and his family, each and all are extremely realistic, while the study of the dreadful young "colored person," Batheenie, is surely a photograph. There is much and good character in the The action is free, simple and natural. The point of view of the annalist is carefully maintained, and the interest does not flag at all. The young English naval officer and his girl-wife are especially well drawn, and really show very clearly the kind of people who are suited to so entirely novel an existence, and who may be depended upon to "grow up with the country." Altogether "Harmonia" must be pronounced a successful experiment in quite a virgin field.

The author of " Miss Gascoigne" has written an Irish story of a kind which almost recalls Lever's "Knight of Gwynne." There is no other country of which such a story could be told with any approach to verisimilitude. It may indeed be doubted if even in Ireland there is to-day any room for the tradition of so wicked a landlord as old Duke Conway, who after evicting his tenants until he had almost converted his estate into a desert, died at a great age peaceably in his bed. and was buried with imposing obsequies in the family vault-where, if we may believe the story, a select troop of devils were plainly heard holding high revels on the following night. The title of the novel relates to a real or supposed curse invoked by an evicted member of a conventual society upon one of the earlier Conways, and supposed to involve all descendants of the name in a common doom. The story is of the Conway who succeeds old Marmadulte, a young man whose infirmities of character are quite sufficient to effect his ruin without calling in any supernatural aid in the form of an hereditary curse. This story is well and strongly told; the pictures of Irish life and manners are faithful the conversation; plenty also of clear-cut individualization. Mrs. Riddell is a careful and vigorous writer, and she farnishes her readers so much lively action, sparkling talk, bright humor, and "I haven't had a cold for years," said a well known physician the order night. "Not since I gave up the pernicious habit of turning up the collar of my top-coat. Don't be afraid of exposing your throat, unless the rain goes down your neck—then it's only a matter

mildly sensational romance, as united constitute an exceedingly interesting and attractive novel.

In " An Unlaid Ghost," which is also described as "A Study in Metempsychosis," we have the latest symptom of the modern new departure in fiction. This time we are required to "take stock in" the doctrine of Pythagoras and of many other philosophers, schools and sects, to wit, that sinse committed in one life on this earth may be expiated in a second incarnation of the offending spirit. To illustrate the reincarnation hypothe sis, the soul of the Empress Poppæa, the wicked spouse of Nero, is supposed to reappear in the form of a young nineteenth century girl of great beauty and good disposition, but who brings disaster to all who have to do with her. As the second part ends happily, the reader may think that the penalties exacted for the crimes of the wicked Empress are surprisingly mild, and that the manner of inflicting them, namely, by killing and injuring other and innocent people, is more singular than satisfactory. It is indeed true that Hortense suffers herself because of the fatality that follows her, but her suffering, after all, is indirect, and it cannot be regarded as an equivalent for a tithe of the dreadful deeds done by the Imperial adventuress. In short, if metempsy chosis is true, and if this is the way it operates, we can only regard it as a distinctly demoralizin agency, for the Neros and Popposas are not at all likely to be restrained by the fear of such feeble retribution as befalls the heroine of this story. Moreover, it is not in any true sense a study of metempsychosis. The original doctrine of reincarnation is not Greek, but Arian. It is the doctrine of Karma, taught in India from the Vedantic period, and according to that teaching so great a sinner as Poppæ a never would have been able to work out her redemption in this easy fashion. Karma demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and Poppoea, judged by that ancient law, would have had an exceedingly bad time through, not one alone, but several reincarna-

Mrs. Alexander's novels are always readable, and "Mona's Choice" is no exception to the rule. The choice itself is in the first instance unfortunate and brings the heroine into much adversity, which, however, develops and strengthens her character, opens her eyes, and prepares her eventually for the decision on appeal by which she reverses her original judgment. Mona is a young lady of decided views, who prefers work to dependence. Her complete, or all but complete, submission to her newly found and particularly cantankerous old Scotch uncle does not at all detract from the general impression of her firmness | Hardly that, for we were no worse than others, taking and good sense. The story is in no way sensational, but the interest is kept up to the close.

Miss Serjeant (or is it Mrs. Serjeant?) has written a story on familiar lines. There are two brothers, one good and the other bad, and, as always in such cases (at least in fiction), the bad one has all the brains and plays with the good one and with everybody else quite at his ease. Given a boy's silly marriage with an adventuress, a quick separation, followed by a report of the woman's death, and you have all the materials for a stock sensational novel of the Braddon type. "Roy's Repentance" is a story of this kind. Everybody is entangled in the webs spun by the wicked brother, who succeeds in all his nefarious plots, or appears to do so, until, as in the oldfashioned pantomime, the proper moment arrives, when, presto! everything changes into something else; the wicked magician who was about to enchant the hero and heroine is turned into Pantaloor; the delivered hero and heroine flash forth radiant as Harlequin and Columbine; and the faithful comic servant reappears as Clown and leses no time in beginning his traditional pranks. It makes amusing reading, jars upon nobody's nerves, and the conventional happy ending stimulates the public's imagination. "Roy's Repentance" is a slavery movements, both of which had a strong influvery fair example of this kind of story.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

The tempest of applause he met As meekly as a bending bud! A boy of humble birth, and ye A prince of more than royal blood.

Not earthly realms to him belong, No sceptre despot ever bore, But principalities of song The crown young Haendel won and wors.

A prodigy of youthful years! What soul-entrancing melodies Rained on us, from scraphic spheres, When his small fingers swept the beys!

He tossed us Schumann's sparkling airs; Struck Rubinstein's sweet storms of tone; We followed, up the starry stairs, The shining feet of Mendelssohn.

He wove around an untried theme, So varied and divine a strain, It wrapped us in a radiant dream Of little Wolfgang come again.

The very roof with plaudits shook; And still, above their bursting fi The thunder and the gusts he took As simply as a swaying bud.

Ah: could be know, the wondrous boy,
When he hal vanished from our gaze,
What rearful yearnings dimmed our loy,
What prayers were mingled with our praise! We longed to shield him from the gales Of country time; 10 class his head In lulling arms, and tell him tales, And fold him in his quiet bed.

Waste not too soon, Oh, burning star, Your bright young life; but nurse its That it may rise and light afar The world's unressing, troubled stream.

Heaven fend, from that too ardent heart The griefs of great and gifted men, he sordid miseries of Mozart, The woes of mighty Beethoven!

One ray of love, to bless the soul,
Is more than glory's blinding flame;
And noble manhood, sound and whole,
Than all the world of art and fame.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

SHE WANTED COLD FACTS. From The Boston Courier.

From The Boston Courier.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but."

"And it is no longer theory. Circumnavigators have established the latt."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ahi Minerva, if you knew the aching vold..."

"There is no such thing as a vold, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the vold you speak of be a vold if there was an ache in it?

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you where in Australia or at the north pole I would fly to you. I..."

"Fly: It will be another century before men can fig. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overceme there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance..."

Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth. "I've

il, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a preity fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There:"
"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—" ce you put it in that light, I-

ORDERING FROM THE "TAB DOTE" BILL.

From The Chicago Mad.

French is now considered an essential in a clerk in a first-class hotel of Chicago. I stood at the office of the Grand Pacific Hotel yesterday for a few minutes and heard one of the clerks converse with an arrival from Paris in the native torgue of the latter. I supposed at first that the clerk was a Frenchman, and that this was one of Messrs. Drake & Parker's new departures. But when an American appeared and asked a question the clerk switched his tongue on to the Anglo-Saxon with case and was more reliable than before. I understood later that French is considered a valuable acquisition in case and was more calable than before. I understood later that French is considered a valuable acquisition in a hotel office. My informant said: "You know there was a time when it was considered necessary for a hotel clerk to have a diamond. Well, that doesn't count now. He must speak French and speak it intelligently. It is going to be the next great American caper to have nothing but French in the hotel offices, and by-and-bye the means will be French."

The remark reminded me of a recent visit to the Palmer House cafe. A waiter, a colored man in conventional attire, handed a patron a table d'hote bill. The gentieman didn't care for the card dinner and selected what he wanted.

said the walter.
"I told you what I wanted," returned the centleman.
"You want dat off de tab dote bill!" queried the

A MAN BORN TO TEACH. * THE MASTER OF THE GUNNERY.*

MEMORIAL OF FREDERICK W. GUNN BY HIS FORMER

PUPILS-HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS-A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE.

Any man thinks he can teach school. The college ony teaches in the intervals of his vacation to bring in a little money, or makes a pastime of it for a year or two after he gets his diploma, and while he is deciding upon a profession. The man who can do noth-ing else feels that he can always fall back upon teach-It is no disparagement to the many able and conscientious instructors to say that there is a large number of incompetents in the profession, men and women who are not qualified either by natural gifts or training for their work, who, while they may have the technical knowledge required, lack entirely-and this is the worst of all-that warmth of nature that would enable them to kindle the sacred fire of pure aspiration in the breasts of the children under their care. They have nothing in them, and so they give nothing out. How many teachers there are of this type-empty as drums. You knock at the door of the soul, and get nothing but sound back for your pains. In some respects, the teacher is invested with a graver responsibility than the preacher. These young minds are so many fresh tablets on which the first impressions of life are to be written down. What shall they be? Shall they make for intellectual, and above all moral growth, for generosity, nobility, manliness and womanliness, or shall they cramp the soul as well as the mind, and leave the better part of both mert? It is largely in the teacher's power to say. This is a responsibility to make the entious man tremble at times, and yet how many men there are who set about teaching with as little though as other men set about sawing wood.

the poet. What is that mysterious quality which enables one person to command the instant respect and even affection of children, while another of equal abilities and the same good intentions can neither control nor win them? What is it that makes a philosopher helpless before a roomfull of urchins, while another man of far inferior attainments finds them as obedient as soldiers to their general? The sure, quick way children have of measuring their instructors and plercing through the weak spot in their armor is surprising. There was poor ----, one of our professors at college. He was a cultivated, scholarly man. He could have taught us much if we would only have let him. But we found out somehow that he could not control us, and there was an end of the influence he might have had. tinual disorder and confusion, and the plotting of mis-chief went on steadily. Was it because we were cruel and thoughtless beyond the average of boys? the general run of us, and we made a passable appear ance, intellectually and morally, in other class-rooms.

The whole difficulty was that, well-meaning as bewas, he was not in his right place. We saw it and made him feel it in the merciless way boys have. No doubt, we caused him many an hour of anguish, and when I saw the announcement of his death the other day, a pang went through me at the memory of those careless days that must have meant real unhappiness to a sensitive, incompetent man.

The personality of the teacher, then, is of vast

imp rtance, more so within certain limits than his

The true teacher is born to his trade as much as

Now and then there appears a teacher who seems the embodiment of this truth, which parents often forget in choosing an instructor. They will take pains to discover where a teacher was gradu ated, but they never ask themselves how big his heart is. The career of the late Frederick W. Gunn, whose school at Washington, Conn., was so long known as the "Gunnery," is a remarkable example of the extent to which an ardent and generous personality can enter into and influence the growth of pupils. A trib-ute has just been made to his memory by his former pupils, which is unique. It is in the form of a beauhis "boys." George A. Hickox lays the foundation for a correct understanding of Mr. Gunn's life and work with an account of "old times" in his native village, including the rise of the temperance and antience upon his character, and in both of which he took a leading part. The account given here of the contest in the church and his excommunication is a vivid picture of the way in which this controversy shok the little community, as it did so many others. ville H. Platt, one of the "boys," who now sits in the United States Senate, writes of the early life and Etruggleo of the "Marter of the Cumery"; Ehrlok E. Rossiter, of Mr. Gunn as a citizen; Clarence Deming, two papers-one on Mr. Gunn as the schoolmaster and the other on "Gunnery" sports; James P. Platt on the home life, and H. W. B. Howard on the last days and the last rites. These are gathered together W. Hamilton Gibson has enriched with nearly a hundred sketches, most of them made for this book, that catch in a poetic spirit the beauty of the boys' favorite haunts-the little bay in the lake where they fished, the running brook overhung with branches, the woods where they set the rabbit-trap in the snow, the orchard where they studied under the trees, and scores of other places which must be dear to the hearts of those who passed their school days among these pleasant Connecticut hills. The whole make testimonial of the affection and appreciation of pupils which is as beautiful as it is novel. man was writing about himself or for himself books that promptly went to mouldering on the shelf at writing his name in the sand, you would have said. What more perishable memorial than the love and gratitude of boys? Yet here springs from it a book that is unique and will live.

Nothing seems to have been more characteristic of Mr. Gunn as a schoolmaster than his punishments. They were so original, so good-humored, they never wounded self-respect. They taught their lesson, but they left no sting of humiliation behind. A boy who had been guilty of rudeness was told to put on his best clothes in the evening and make a call upon a family of gentle ladies in the village. They were in the secret and would entertain him graciously, and he would go away, after a delightful evening, feeling the softening influences of good breeding without having been lectured by anybody. A too noisy boy would be sent off to take a five-mile walk, ordered to hold a chip in his mouth for an hour, or to run dozen times around the church on the green, sounding the tin dinner horn at each corner. If two small boys were caught fighting they were made to take turns sitting in each other's laps for one or two hours. If a boy were too lively in the sitting-room he was sent out to pound a log with a heavy club. Once Mr. Gunn caught a boy sprinkling a dog's face with water at the tank behind the "Gunnery." very fond of dogs, often having one on his lap and the other at his feet as he sat at the head of his school. He seized the boy and ducked him, just to let him know how the dog felt. A boy's was always a holiday for him. When Mr. Gunn found that one of the scholars had been celebrating three birthdays within a year, he kept his counsel, but the next time the genuine anniversary came round the boy celebrated it by hugging a tree for several hours. Once one of the scholars was found hugging a sign-post at the fork of two roads, and saying in response to all questions, "I'm a poor, miserable sinner." Everybody knew this was under orders from the "Gunnery." Some boys who h been robbing the apple trees of neighbors were con Some boys who had pelled to draw up a formal apology, bear it in pro-cession to each owner and read to these astonished people on their knees. A boy who had stoned a cow was made to deliver a penitential oration to the whole herd in the barnyard for half an hour. One day was a very lazy one in school. Pinally, the laziest boy complained of being sick. "Any boy who's sick hold up his hand." More than half of them did it "in which ended when the master sent them down to Mrs. Gunn to receive a strong dose of boneset tea. One Sunday morning one of the boys could not go to thurch because he could not find his shoes. One shrewd glance from the master's eye told him the whole story. "Take off those stockings," said he; "go down stairs and blacken your feet and go to church at once." The boy went to church—in his He could not tolerate a liar, and if he found a box

incorrigible in this respect would send him away from the school. He was stern, too, against tale bearers, but he always upheld the right of a boy to appeal to a teacher against wrong or moral contamination, just as, if he were a citizen, he would have the right to appeal to the law. But Mr. Gunn did this in his own characteristic way. He stated the case to the school and appealed to the boys to stand by their comrade, thus arousing their feeling for the One of the peculiarities of his system was the extent to which it provided for the entertainment of his what he wanted.

You down' keer for de tab dote dinnah, then, sah t''

Pupils. He knew that there must be channels provided in which youthful spirits could work themselves off safely and innocently. Every boy of a proper age was expected to have a gun and go gunning. The where they learned to love nature as he did, and drew in knowledge of plant and animal life like him through their pores. Even the punishments were made to

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contribute to the health and pleasure of the boys, as when they were sent off on long walks. They were encouraged in all sorts of manly exercises and games, and Mr. Gunn was the leader in them all. Far more significant, however, was his choice of indoor amusenents. It must have taken as much courage to introduce card-playing, round dances and theatrical entertainments in a Puritanical New-England village, when he did so, as it did to fight intemperance and slavery-perhaps more; but he saw the essential innocence of these amusements under proper surround-ings, and decided that it was better for his scholars to know them innocently rather than otherwise. He turned the school theatrical exhibitions, which were a great treat to the neighborhood, to good account by presenting "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Neighbor Jack wood," or other plays that brought home to the audi ence the evils of slavery. He did almost as much for the social life of the village as for that of the school, but there is no space to dwell upon that here, Mr. Gunn seems continually to have recognized

the fact that boys are entitled to have a good time. Every teacher and every head or a school sho read his address delivered before a teachers' conven-tion in Hartford, Conn., in 1877, on "Confidence Between Boys and Teachers," and which is included in this volume. Upon this point of amusement,

he says:

Our Declaration of Independence enumerates among the inalignable rights of men, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But boys, with their scanty vocabulary, sum up all their desired rights in one expressive word. Strange that one small word should convey so much of meaning to the boy-heart. Find love have an inalignable right to their fun. Our Puritan forefathers thought all fun was devil-worship, and they put it under the ban; they drove it from the family; they bothed it out of the school-have, and left it only to harbor in the village tavern and the country store. Till within a few years cards have been forbidden in our Christian homes. I plead not for any special form; I would not admit any amusement that has the least taint of vice; but I do charge you young teachers, let the boys have their fun. Nay, provide it, preside over it, protect it from dissipation, prevent only the excess; but do not bar the thing itself—rather share it with them. How much of a boy's life is comprised in that one word! How much of healthy discipline, both of mind and body, it may bring: While sharing, directing wisely, and cheerly helping on the fun, without any lowering of your high moral standard, or of your cherished dignity, you may easily find your way into the boy-heart. I am persuaded that very much of dissipation, the contamination of bad company, the frequent corruption of tasts and manners, and sometimes loss of all that is sometimes mourned in our higher institutions of learning, would be avoided if some rich and wise friend of cach colloge would end we therein a Professorship of Fun. I think it might go far to prevent the hazing which in some or professor had it for his care to prepare the suphomore class to entertain with suitable plays, games and even theaticals the facenting them to acknowledge every student as a brother. But, if not necessary for young men, surely the boys should have their fun.

Mr. Gunn's methods were as original as himself, and it would not be worth anybody's while to attempt Our Declaration of Independence enumerates an

Mr. Gunn's methods were as original as himself, and it would not be worth anybody's while to attemp to imitate him. He was happy, too, in his surround ings, which lent themselves to the play of his nature. But there are not many teachers who could read the story of his life, as it is lovingly told by his pupils, without learning something from it of the need of human warmth in the work of teaching. The face of the "Master of the Gunnery" heads the book. It is one of the most kindly, genial, merry, and yet one of the most earnest and honest of faces. There is not a line in it that goes wrong; as you look into it you understand why the busy men who have put this volume together-statesman, lawyers, artist, etc.turned aside from their daily tasks to pay him a tribute such as no other teacher, perhaps, ever re-

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THEATRICAL TEARS

The question of theatrical tears, and whether they be produced by the actor independently of real emotion, has lately been discussed. The question is not without interest, and has been answered in various ways by different actors, some contending that the highest art in this direction is only seen when the artist "feels" his part; while others state that emotional conditions in the actor are fatal to the highest form of theatrical art. To how large an extent our emotions are under control is patent to everybody; for much of our early education is devoted entirely to the formation of babits of control in this direction. Emotions are mainly reflex phenomena, and are produced as the result of thoughts, sounds or sights. It is a happy thing for us that emotions of loy are far more easily produced than emotions of sorrow. We all of us know the passage in "Pickwick" or the particular picture in "Purch" which has made us laugh again and again but the tears of sorrow or the feelings of dread or terror are not so easily conjued up. Thus it happens that comic actors are met with in profusion, while tragic actors, who are really able to stir the sorrowful emotions in an educated audience, are comparatively rare. It is very doubtful whether an actor can stir up in his audience the higher emotions, unless he abandons himself to the situation of the play, and himself feels to some extent the screws or terrors of the seene. An actor who can only manage to stir the emotions of the most easily moved of his audience, whether to laughter or tears, has gone a good way toward success; for emotional states are so infections that the sound or sight of tears or laughter is sure to cause the prevailing emotion to spread. The really great actor, however, must be capable of doing something more than merely touch the biggest fool of the audience—he must make his andlence absolutely forgetful of itself, and be himself the direct, and not the indirect, cause of the emotional state into which it is thrown. To do this the actor must be himsel

WINTER HEALTH HINTS.

Prom The Albany Journal.

An old observer says: "The secret of good health in winter lies in two things-first, in breathing through the nose, and second, in keeping the 1et warm. If these two rules are carefully observed by any one, he or she need not fear the rigors of winter. Above ad, mover go to bed with cold feet, if you are troubled with cold feet, said the same gentleman, "warm them before you retire, and in the morning plunge them into cold water until they sting. Then rub them vigorously and put en your stockings and shoes and your feet will kee warm probably all day. See that your stockings are thek enough anist that you wear heavy shoes and good, enough anist that you wear heavy shoes this winter for the first time. They are learning wisdom. Ladies, too, are beginning to wear heavier underwear than over before. They have been taught this by their experience on toboggan slides, and it is a good thing. The health of boys and girls shoud be better in winter than in summer, and they should grow stronger and heavier by outdoor excrebes. The first essential is to be warmly clothed, and above all to keep the feet warm."